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OLD
ENGLISH BALLADS.

A SELECTION FROM
PERCY, RITSON,
AND OTHER SOURCES.

LONDON:
H. G. CLARKE AND CO., 278, STRAND.
1848.



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Old English Ballads.

CHEVY-CHACE.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safetyes all ;
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall.

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Erle Percy took his way ;
The child may rue that is unborne,
The hunting of that day.

• The stout Erle of Northumberland
A vow he once did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take ;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and beare away.
These tydings to Erle Douglas came.
In Scotland where he lay :

Who sent Erle Percy present word,
He wold prevent his sport.
The English Erle, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen-hundred bowmen bold ;
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede
To ayme their shafts arright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deere :
On Munday they began to hunt,
When day-light did appeare ;

And long before high noone they had
An hundred fat buckes slaine ;
Then having dined, the droyvers went
To rouse the deer againe.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure ;
And all their reare with speciall care,
That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deere to take,
That with their cryes the hills and dales
An eccho shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughter'd deere ;
Quoth he, " Erle Douglas promised
This day to meet me heere :

" But if I thought he wold not come,
Noe longer wold I stay."
With that, a brave younge gentleman
Thus to the Erle did say :

" Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
His men in armour bright ;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speres
All marching in our sight ;

All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweede ;"
"Then cease your sports," Erle Percy said,
"And take your bowes with speede :

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance ;
For never was there champion yett,
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horsebacke come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spere."

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

"Show me," sayd hee, "whose men you bee,
That hunt soe boldly heere,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deere."

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy he ;
Who sayd, " Wee list not to declare,
Nor show whose men wee bee :

Yet will we spend our deerest blood,
Thy cheefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oathe,
And thus in rage did say,—

" Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
One of us two shall dye :
I know thee well, an erle thou art ;
Lord Percy, soe am I.

But trust me, Percy, pittye it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltlesse men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battell trye,
And set our men aside."
" Shame on the man," Erle Percy sayd,
" By whome this is denied."

Then stept a gallant squier forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, " I wold not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

That ere my captain fought on foote,
And I stood looking on.
You two bee erles," quo' Witherington,
" And I a squier alone :

Ile doe the best that doe I may,
While I have power to stand :
While I have power to weeld my sword,
Ile fight with heart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bowes,
Their hearts were good and trew ;
Att the first flight of arrowes sent,
Full four-score Scots they slew.

Yet bides Erle Douglas on the bent,
As chieftain stout and good :
As valiant captain, all unmov'd
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As leader ware and tried ;
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bare down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound :
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground :

And throwing strait their bowes away,
They grasp'd their swords so bright :
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower
On shields and helmets light:

They closed full fast on every side,
Noe slackness there was found ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

Alack ! it was a grief to see,
How each one chose his spere,
And how the blood out of their breasts
Did gush like water cleere.

At last these two stout crles did meet,
Like captaines of great might :
Like lyons wode, they layd on lode,
And made a cruell fight :

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steale ;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling downe did feele.

" Yeeld thee, Lord Percy," Douglas sayd ;
" In faith I will thee bringe,
Where thou shalt high advanced bee,
By James, our Scottish king :

Thy ransome I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight,
That ever I did see.

" Noe, Douglas," quoth Erle Percy then,
" Thy proffer I doe scorne ;
I will not yeelde to any Scott,
That ever yett was borne."

With that there came an arrow keene
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Erle Douglas to the heart,
A deepe and deadlye blow :

Who never spake more words than these,
“ Fight on my merry men all ;
For why, my life is at an end ;
Lord Percy sees my fall.”

Then leaving life, Erle Percy tooke
The dead man by the hand ;
And said, “ Erle Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

Ah me ! my verry heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake ;
For sure a more redoubted knight
Mischance did never take.”

A knight amongst the Scotts there was,
Which saw Erle Douglas dye,
Who streight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Erle Percy :

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a spere full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight :

And past the English archers all,
Without a dread or feare :
And through Erle Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spere ;

With such vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
Whose courage none could staine :
An English archer then perceived
The noble erle was slaine ;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree ;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
To the hard head haled he :

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right the shaft he set ;
The grey goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's bloode was wett.

This fight did last from breake of day,
Till setting of the sunne ;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Erle Percy, there was slaine
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliffe, and Sir John,
Sir James, the bold barron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slaine,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is woe,
That ever he slaine should be :
For when his legs were hewn in two,
He knelt and fought on his knee.

And with Erle Douglas there was slaine,
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld
One foot wold never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliffe, too,
His sister's sonne was hee ;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
But saved he cold not bee.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Erle Douglas dye ;
Of twenty hundred Scottish speres,
Source fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three ;
The rest in Chevy-Chace were slaine,
Under the greene woode tree.

Next day did many widdowes come,
Their husbands to bewayle :
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
But all wold not prevayle.

Their bodyes, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away :
They kist them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were cladd in clay.

The news was brought to Eddenborrow.
Where Scotland's king did raigne,
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye
Was with an arrow slaine :

"O heavy news," King James did say,
Scotland can witness bee,
I have not any captaine more
Of such account as hee."

Like tydings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slaine in Chevy-Chace :

"Now by my faith," said then our king,
"Sith 't will noe better bee ;
I trust I have, within my realme,
Five hundred as good as hee :

Yett shall not Scotts or Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take :
I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Erle Percy's sake."

This vow full well the king perform'd
After, at Humbledowne ;
In one day, fifty knights were slayne,
With lords of high renowne :

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many hundreds dye.
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chace,
Made by the Erle Percy.

God save the king, and bless this land
With plentye, joy, and peace ;
And grant, henceforth, that foule debate
"Twixt noblemen may cease.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents deare,
 These wordes which I shall write ;
 A doleful story you shall heare,
 In time brought forth to light.
 A gentleman of good account
 In Norfolk dwelt of late,
 Whose wealth and riches did surmount
 Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to dye,
 No helpe his life could save ;
 His wife by him as sicke did lye,
 And both possest one grave.
 No love between these two was lost,
 Each was to other kinde,
 In love they lived, in love they dyed,
 And left two babes behinde :

The one a fine and pretty boy,
 Not passing three yeares olde ;

The other a girl more young than he,
And made in beautye's molde.
The father left his little son,
As plainlye doth appeare,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane
Two hundred poundes in gold,
To be paid downe on marriage-day,
Which might not be controll'd :
But if the children chance to dye,
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth ;
For so the will did run.

" Now, brother," said the dying man,
" Look to my children deare ;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friendes else have they here :
To God and you I do commend
My children night and day ;
A little while be sure we have
Within this world to staye.

"You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one ;
God knowes what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone."
With that bespake their mother deare,
"O brother kinde," quoth shee,
"You are the man must bring my babes
To wealth or miserie :

"If you do keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward ;
If otherwise you seem to deal,
God will your deedes regard."
With lippes as cold as any stone,
They kist the children small :
"God bless you both, my children deare !"
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke
To this sick couple there :
"The keeping of your children deare,
Sweet sister, do not feare :
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor ought else that I have,

If I do wrong your children deare,
When you are layd in grave."

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them both unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a daye.
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both awaye.

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young,
And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife, and all he had,
He would the children send
To be brought up in faire London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went the pretty babes,
Rejoycing at that tide,
Rejoycing with a merry minde,
They should on cock-horse ride.

They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the waye,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decaye :

So that the pretty speeche they had,
Made murderers' heart relent.
And they that tooke the deed to do,
Full sore they did repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vowe to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell at strife ;
With one another they did fight,
About the children's life :
And he that was of mildest mood
Did slaye the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood ;
Where babes did quake for feare!
He took the children by the hand,
When teares stood in their eye,

And bade them come and go with him,
And look they did not crye :
And two long miles he ledd them thus,
While they for bread complaine :
“Stay here,” quoth he, “I’ll bring ye bread,
When I do come againe.”

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and downe ;
But never more they sawe the man
Approaching from the town ;
Their prettye lippes, with black-berries,
Were all besmeared and dyed,
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them downe and cryed.

Thus wandered these two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief,
In one another’s arms they dyed,
As babes wanting relief:
No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till robin red-breast painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God
Upon their uncle fell ;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell :
His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
His landes were barren made,
His cattle dyed within the field,
And nothing with him stayd.

And in the voyage of Portugal
Two of his sonnes did dye ;
And, to conclude, himself was brought
Unto much miserye :
He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven years came about ;
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this meanes come out :

The fellowe that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judged to dye,
As was God's blessed will :
Who did confess the very truth,
The which is here exprest ;

Their uncle dyed while he for debt
Did long in prison rest.

All you that be executors,
And overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek ;
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like miserye
Your wicked minds requite.

VALENTINE AND URSINE.

WHEN Flora 'gins to deck the fields
With colours fresh and fine,
Then holy clerks their matins sing
To good Saint Valentine.

The King of France that morning fair
He would a hunting ride ;
To Artois forest prancing forth
In all his princely pride.

To grace his sports a courtly train
 Of gallant peers attend,
 And with their loud and cheerful cries
 The hills and valleys rend.

Through the deep forest swift they pass,
 Through woods and thickets wild ;
 When down within a lonely dell
 They found a new-born child ;

All in a scarlet kercher laid
 Of silk so fine and thin ;
 A golden mantle wrapped him round,
 Pinn'd with a silver pin.

The sudden sight surprised them all ;
 The courtiers gather'd round ;
 They look, they call, the mother seek ;
 No mother could be found.

At length the king himself drew near,
 And as he gazing stands,
 The pretty babe look'd up and smiled,
 And stretch'd his little hands.

"Now, by the rood," King Pepin says,
"This child is passing fair :
I wot he is of gentle blood ;
Perhaps some Prince's heir.

"Go bear him home unto my court
With all the care ye may :
Let him be christen'd Valentine,
In honour of this day :

"And look me out some cunning nurse ;
Well nurtured let him be ;
Nor aught be wanting that becomes
A bairn of high degree."

They look'd him out a cunning nurse ,
And nurtured well was he ;
Nor ought was wanting that became
A bairn of high degree.

Thus grew the little Valentine,
Beloved of king and peers ;
And show'd in all he spake or did
A wit beyond his years.

But chief in gallant feates of arms
 He did himself advance,
 That ere he grew to man's estate,
 He had no peeres in France.

And now the early down began
 To shade his youthful chin ;
 When Valentine was dubb'd a knight,
 That he might glory win.

" A boon, a boon, my gracious liege,
 I beg a boon of thee !
 The first adventure that befalls,
 May be reserved for me."

" The first adventure shall be thine,"
 The king did smiling say.
 Nor many days, when lo, there came
 Three palmers clad in grey.

" Help, gracious lord," they weeping said,
 And knelt, as it was meet :
 " From Artois forest we be come,
 With weak and weary feet.

“ Within those deep and dreary woods
There wends a savage boy,
Whose fierce and mortal rage doth yield
Thy subjects dire annoy.

“ ‘Mong ruthless beares he sure was bred,
He lurks within their den ;
With beares he lives, with beares he feeds,
And drinks the blood of men.

“ ‘To more than savage strength he joins
A more than human skill ;
For arms ne cunning may suffice
His cruel rage to still.”

Up then rose Sir Valentine,
And claim’d that arduous deed :
“ Go forth and conquer,” said the king,
“ And great shall be thy meed.”

Well mounted on a milk-white steed,
His armour white as snow,
As well beseem’d a virgin knight,
Who ne’er had fought a foe.

VALENTINE AND URSINE.

To Artois forest he repairs
With all the haste he may ;
And soon he spies the savage youth
A rending of his prey.

His unkempt hair all matted hung
His shaggy shoulders round ;
His eager eye all fiery glow'd,
His face with fury frown'd.

Like eagle's talons grew his nails,
His limbs were thick and strong ;
And dreadful was the knotted oak
He bare with him along.

Soon as Sir Valentine approach'd,
He starts with sudden spring ;
And yelling forth a hideous howl,
He made the forests ring.

As when a tiger fierce and fell
Hath spied a passing roe,
And leaps at once upon his throat,
So sprung the savage foe ;

So lightly leap'd with furious force
The gentle knight to seize ;
But met his tall uplifted spear,
Which sunk him on his knees.

A second stroke so stiff and stern
Had laid the savage low ;
But springing up he raised his club,
And aim'd a dreadful blow.

The watchful warrior bent his head,
And shunn'd the coming stroke
Upon his taper spear it fell,
And all to shivers broke.

Then lighting nimbly from his steed,
He drew his burnish'd brand ;
The savage quick as lightning flew
To wrest it from his hand.

Three times he grasp'd the silver hilt
Three times he felt the blade ;
Three times it fell with furious force ;
Three ghastly wounds it made.

Now with redoubled rage he roar'd ;
 His eye-ball flash'd with fire ;
 Each hairy limb with fury shook ;
 And all his heart was ire.

Then closing, fast with furious gripe
 He clasp'd the champion round,
 And with a strong and sudden twist
 He laid him on the ground.

But soon the knight, with active spring,
 O'erturned his hairy foe :
 And now between their sturdy fists
 Pass'd many a bruising blow.

They roll'd and grappled on the ground,
 And there they struggled long ;
 Skilful and active was the knight ;
 The savage he was strong.

But brutal force and savage strength
 To art and skill must yield ;
 Sir Valentine at length prevailed,
 And won the well-fought field.

Then binding strait his conquer'd foe
Fast with an iron chain,
He ties him to his horse's tail,
And leads him o'er the plain.

To court his savage captive soon
Sir Valentine doth bring ;
And kneeling down upon his knee,
Presents him to the king.

With loss of blood and loss of strength.
The savage tamer grew ;
And to Sir Valentine became
A servant tried and true.

And 'cause with bears he erst was bred,
Ursine they call'd his name,—
A name which unto future times
The minstrels shall proclaim.

PART THE SECOND.

In high renown with prince and peer
 Now lived Sir Valentine :
 His high renown with prince and peer
 Made envious hearts repine.

It chanced the king upon a day
 Prepared a sumptuous feast ;
 And there came lords and dainty dames,
 And many a noble guest.

Amid their cups, that freely flow'd,
 Their revelry and mirth,
 A youthful knight tax'd Valentine
 Of base and doubtful birth.

The foul reproach, so grossly urged,
 His generous heart did wound ;
 And straight he vow'd he ne'er would rest
 Till he his parents found.

Then bidding king and peers adieu,
Early one summer's day,
With faithful Ursine by his side,
From court he took his way.

O'er hill and valley, moss and moor,
For many a day they pass;
At length, upon a moated lake,
They found a bridge of brass.

Beyond it rose a castle fair,
Y-built of marble stone;
The battlements were gilt with gold,
And glitter'd in the sun.

Beneath the bridge with strange device,
A hundred bells were hung;
That man nor beast might pass thereon,
But straight their 'larum rung.

This quickly found the youthful pair,
Who boldly crossing o'er,
The jangling sound bedeaft their ears,
And rung from shore to shore.

Quick at the sound the castle-gates
 Unlock'd and open'd wide,
 And straight a giant huge and grim
 Stalk'd forth with stately pride.

"Now yield you, caitiffs, to my will!"
 He cried with hideous roar;
 "Or else the wolves shall eat your flesh,
 And ravens drink your gore."

"Vain boaster," said the youthful knight.
 "I scorn thy threats and thee;
 I trust to force thy brazen gates,
 And set thy captives free."

Then putting spurs unto his steed,
 He aim'd a dreadful thrust;
 The spear against the giant glanced,
 And caused the blood to burst.

Mad and outrageous with the pain,
 He whirl'd his mace of steel:
 The very wind of such a blow
 Had made the champion reel.

It happ'ly miss'd ; and now the knight
His glittering sword display'd,
And riding round with whirlwind speed,
Oft made him feel the blade.

As when a large and monstrous oak
Unceasing axes hew,
So fast around the giant's limbs
The blows quick-darting flew.

As when the boughs with hideous fall
Some hapless woodman crush,
With such a force the enormous foe
Did on the champion rush.

A fearful blow, alas ! there came,—
Both horse and knight it took,
And laid them senseless in the dust ;
So fatal was the stroke.

Then smiling forth a hideous grin,
The giant strides in haste,
And, stooping, aims a second stroke :
“ Now, caitiff, breathe thy last ! ”

But ere it fell, two thundering blows
 Upon his skull descend :
 From Ursine's knotty club they came,
 Who ran to save his friend.

Down sank the giant gaping wide,
 And rolling grim his eyes :
 The youth repeats his heavy blows :
 He gasps, he groans, he dies.

Quickly Sir Valentine revived
 With Ursine's timely care :
 And now to search the castle-walls
 The venturous youths repair.

The blood and bones of murder'd knights
 They found where'er they came :
 At length within a lonely cell
 They saw a mournful dame.

Her gentle eyes were dimm'd with tears ;
 Her cheeks were pale with woe :
 And long Sir Valentine besought
 Her doleful tale to know.

"Alas! young knight," she weeping said,

"Condole my wretched fate;

A childless mother here you see;

A wife without a mate.

"These twenty winters here forlorn

I've drawn my hated breath;

Sole witness of a monster's crimes,

And wishing aye for death.

"Know, I am sister of a king,

And in my early years

Was married to a mighty prince,

The fairest of his peers.

"With him I sweetly lived in love

Full many a happy day,

When, lo! a foul and treacherous man

Y-wrought our love's decay.

"His seeming goodness won him power;

He had his master's ear:

And long to me and all the world

He did a saint appear.

“ With treason, villany, and wrong,
 My goodness he repaid ;
 With evil thoughts he filled my lord,
 And me to death betray’d.

‘ But, moved by my complaints and tears,
 At length my life he spared ;
 But bade me instant quit the realm,
 One trusty knight my guard.

“ Forth on my journey I depart,
 Oppress’d with grief and woe ;
 And towards my brother’s distant court,
 With my two babes, I go.

“ But now afresh begin my woes ;
 While tender care I took
 To shield my eldest from the cold
 And wrap him in my cloak ;

“ A prowling bear burst from a wood,
 And seized my younger son :
 Affection lent my weakness wings,
 And after them I run.

“ But all forewearied, weak, and spent,
I quickly swoon'd away ;
And there beneath the greenwood shade
Long time I lifeless lay.

“ At length my knight brought me relief,
And raised me from the ground ;
But neither of my pretty babes
Could ever more be found.

“ And, while in search we wander'd far,
We met that giant grim ;
Who ruthless slew my trusty knight,
And bare me off with him.

“ But charm'd by heaven, or else my griefs,
He offer'd me no wrong,
Save that within these lonely walls
I've been immured so long.”

“ Now, surely,” said the youthful knight,
“ You are Lady Bellisance,
Wife to the Grecian emperor :
Your brother's king of France.

“ For in your royal brother’s court
 Myself my breeding had ;
 Where oft the story of your woes
 Hath made my bosom sad.

“ If so, know your accuser’s dead,
 And dying own’d his crime ;
 And long your lord hath sought you out
 Through every foreign clime.

“ And when no tidings he could learn
 Of his much-wrongéd wife,
 He vow’d thenceforth within his court
 To lead a hermit’s life.”

“ Now Heaven is kind !” the lady said,
 And dropp’d a joyful tear :
 “ Shall I once more behold my lord—
 That lord I love so dear ?”

“ But, madam,” said Sir Valentine,
 And knelt upon his knee,
 “ Know you the cloak that wrapp’d your babe,
 If you the same should see ?”

And pulling forth the cloth of gold
In which himself was found,
The lady gave a sudden shriek,
And fainted on the ground.

But by his pious care revived,
His tale she heard anon :
And soon by other tokens found
He was indeed her son.

“ But who’s this youth ?” she wond’ring said ;
“ He much resembles thee :
The bear devour’d my younger son,
Or sure that son were he,”

“ Madam, this youth with bears was bred,
And rear’d within their den :
But recollect ye any mark
To know your son agen ?”

“ Upon his little side,” quoth she,
“ Was stamp’d a bloody rose.”
“ Here, lady, see the crimson mark
Upon his body grows !”

Then clasping both her new-found sons,
 She bath'd their cheeks with tears ;
 And soon towards her brother's court
 Her joyful course she steers.

What pen can paint King Pepin's joy.
 His sister thus restored !
 And soon a messenger was sent
 To cheer her drooping lord :

Who came in haste, with all his peers,
 To fetch her home to Greece ;
 Where many happy years they reign'd
 In perfect love and peace.

To them Sir Ursine did succeed,
 And long the sceptre bare.
 Sir Valentine he stay'd in France,
 And was his uncle's heir.

THE CHILD OF ELLE.

On yonder hill a castle stands,
 With walles and towres bedight;
 And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
 A younge and comely knyghte.

The Childe of Elle to his garden went,
 And stood at his garden pale,
 When, lo! he beheld fair Emmeline's page
 Come trippinge downe the dale.

The Child of Elle he hyee him thence,
 I wot he stoode not stille;
 And soone he mette faire Emmeline's page
 Come climbing up the hille.

"Nowe sain thee and save thee, thou little
 foot-page,
 Nowe welcome art thou to me;
 Oh, tell me how does thy ladye gaye,
And what may thy tydings be?"

“ My ladye she is all woe begone,
And the teares they falle from her eyne ;
And aye she laments the deadlye feude
Betweene her house and thine.

“ And here she sends thee a silken scarfe,
Bedewde with many a teare,
And biddes thee sometimes thinke on her,
Who loved thee so deare.

“ And here she sends thee a ring of golde,
The last boone thou mayst have,
And biddes thee weare it for her sake,
When she is layd in grave.

“ For, ah ! her gentle heart is broke,
And in grave soone must she be,
Sith her father hath chose her a new new love,
And forbidde her to think of thee.

“ Her father hath brought her a churlish
knighte,
Sir John, of the north countraye ;
And within three dayes she must him wedde,
Or he vowes he will her slaye.”

" Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And greet thy ladye from mee ;
And tell her that I, her owne true love,
Will dye, or sette her free.

" Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And let thy fair ladye know,
This night will I bee at her bowre windowe,
Betide me weale or woe."

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne,
He neither stint ne stayd,
Until he came to fair Emmeline's bowre,
When kneeling down he sayd,

" O ladye, I've been with thy own true love,
And he greets thee well by mee ;
This night will he be at thy bowre-windowe,
And dye or sette thee free."

Nowe day was gone and night was come,
And all were fast asleep ;
All save the ladye Emmeline,
Who sate in her bowre to weepe :

And soon she heard her true love's voice
Lowe whispering at the walle ;

KNIGHT.—“ Awake, awake, my deare ladye,
’Tis I, thy true love call.

“ Awake, awake, my ladye deare,
Come, mount this faire palfraye ;
This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,
He carrye thee hence awaye.”

EMMELINE.—“ Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou
gentle knighte,
Nowe nay, this may not bee ;
For aye should I lose my maiden fame,
If alone I should wend with thee.”

KNIGHT.—“ O ladye, thou with a knighte so
true
Mayste safelye wend alone ;
To my ladye mother I wille thee bringe,
Where marriage shall make us one.”

EMMELINE.—“ My father he is a baron bolde,
Of lyneage proude and hye ,

And what would he saye if his daughter
Awaye with a knyghte should fly?

“ Ah! well I wot, he never would rest,
Nor his meate should do him no goode,
Until he had slain thee, Childe of Elle,
And seene thy deare heart's bloode.”

KNIGHT.—“ O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle
sette,

And a little space him fro,
I would not care for thy cruel father,
Nor the worst that he could doe.

“ O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,
And once without this walle,
I would not care for thy cruel father,
Nor the worst that might befalle.”

Faire Emmeline sighed, faire Emmeline
wept,

And aye her heart was woe:
At length he seized her lilly-white hand,
And downe the ladder he drewe:

And thrice he clasped her to his breaste;
And kist her tenderlie :
The teares that fell from her fair eyes
Ranne like the fountayne free.

He mounted himself on his stede so talle,
And her on a fair palfraye,
And slung his bugle about his necke,
And roundlye they rode awaye.

All this beheard her owne damselle,
In her bed whereas shee ley ;
Quoth shee, " My lord shall knowe of this,
So I shall have golde and fee.

" Awake, awake, thou baron bold !
Awake, my noble dame !
Your daughter is fledde with the Child of Elle
To do the deed of shame."

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
And called his merrie men all :
" And come thou forth, Sir John, the knyghte,
Thy ladye is carried to thrall."

Faire Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,
A mile forth of the towne,
When she was aware of her father's men
Come galloping over the downe :

And foremost came the carlish knighte,
Sir John of the north countraye :
“ Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false tratoure,
Nor carry that ladye awaye.

“ For she is come of hye lineage,
And was of a ladye borne :
And ill it beseems thee—a false churl's sonne,
To carry her hence to scorne.”

“ Nowe loud thou lvest, Sir John the knighte,
Nowe thou doest lye of mee ;
A knighte me bred, and a ladye me bore,
Soe never did none by thee.

“ But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,
Light downe, and hold my steed ;
While I and this discourteous knighte
Do try this arduous deede.

" But light nowe downe, my deare ladye,
Light downe, and hold my horse;
While I and this discourteous knighte
Do trye our valour's force."

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe,
While 'twixt her love and the carlish knighte,
Past many a baneful blowe.

The Child of Elle hee fought soe well,
As his weapon he waved amaine,
That soone he had slaine the carlish knighte
And laid him upon the plaine.

And nowe the baron and all his men
Full fast approached nye ;
Ah, what may ladye Emmeline doe?
'Twere nowe no boote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill,
And soone he saw his owne merry men
Come ryding over the hill.

"Nowe hold thy hand, thou bold baron,
I pray thee hold thy hand,
Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts
Fast knit in true love's band.

"Thy daughter I have dearly loved,
Full long and many a day;
But with such love as holy kirke
Hath freelye said wee may.

"O give consent she may be mine
And bless a faithful paire:
My lands and livings are not small,
My house and lyneage faire:

"My mother she was an earl's daughter,
And a noble knighte my sire."
The baron he frown'd, and turn'd away
With mickle dole and ire.

Faire Emmeline sigh'd, faire Emmeline wept,
And did all trembling stand:
At length she sprang upon her knee,
And held his lifted hand.

" Pardon, my lorde and father deare,
This faire younge knichte and mee :
Trust me, but for the carlish knichte,
I never had fled from thee.

" Oft have you called your Emmeline
Your darling and your joye ;
O ! let not, then, your harsh resolves
Your Emmeline destroye."

The baron he stroakt his dark-brown cheekes,
And turned his heade asyde,
To wipe awaye the starting teare,
He proudly strave to hyde.

In deepe revolving thought he stooode,
And mused a little space ;
Then raised faire Emmeline from the grounde
With many a fond embrace.

" Here, take her, Child of Elle," he sayd,
And gave her lillye white hand ;—
" Here, take my deare and only child,
And with her half my land.

“Thy father once mine honour wrong’d
In days of youthful pride—
Do thou the injurye repayre,
In fondness for thy bride :

“And as thou love her, and hold her deare,
Heaven prosper thee and thine !
And now my blessing wend wi’ thee,
My lovely Emmeline !”

THE BARON AND THE MAIDEN

OF

LOW DEGREE.

THE baron sat on his castle wall,
And beheld both dale and down :
The manors that stretched so far around,
He knew to be all his own.

The wardens blew their sounding horns,
And their banners waved in air;
Their horns resounded o'er the dale,
Their colours shone afar.

The baron he sighed as he looked above,
And he sighed as he looked adown;
Although the rich manors that stretched so far
He knew to be all his own.

Up, then, came his ancient nurse
That had borne him on her knee—
“And why dost thou sigh, thou noble youth
At a sight so fair to see?”

Oh! then, up spake that noble baron,
And heavily spake he,
“But I've never a true and faithful wife
To share it all with me.

“And if I should marry a courtly dame,
(Alas that it so should be,)
She'd love my castles, and love my lands,
But she would not care for me.”

58 THE BARON AND THE MAIDEN

Oh ! then, up spake that ancient nurse,

“ Now take advice of me :

If you'd have a true wife, then go and find
A maiden of low degree.

“ And be disguised in plain attire,

And like a peasant rove,

But let her not know thy high degree ;

So shalt thou prove her love.”

Then called the baron his young foot-page,

Full loudly called he,

The bonny foot-page full swiftly ran

And knelt him on his knee.

“ Oh ! hark thee well, my young foot-page,

To what I tell to thee ;

And keep thee my secret faithfully,

And thou shalt have gold and fee.

“ Go bring me here a peasant's coat,

With hose and shoon also ;

And artfully disguise my face,

That no one may me know.

"And when I go, and when I come,
Let no one hear from thee,
But keep my secret faithfully,
And thou shalt have gold and fee."

The sunbeams gilt the distant hills,
And on the streams did play,
When in a peasant's homely garb
That baron took his way.

The early pilgrim blithe he hail'd,
That o'er the hills did stray,
And many an early husbandman
That met him on his way.

And blithe and merrily did he wend,
And blithe and merrily hied,
Until he came to a rural cot,
Where a maiden fair did bide.

Though lowly and unknown to fame,
This maid was passing fair ;
Like some sweet violet that in vale
Sequestered scents the air.

Sweet was the melody of her voice
The woodland wilds among,
So sweet, that thrushes on the spray
Sat list'ning to her song.

But more than all, her youthful heart
Was fraught with virtue's lore ;
More pure, more tender, and more true,
Was maiden ne'er before.

The maiden stood at her cottage gate
Her nursling lamb to feed,
And she saw the blithesome stranger youth
Come tripping o'er the mead.

And lo ! with many a fond excuse
The youth would there remain,
While many a wily tale he told,
Her simple heart to gain.

And soon her sighs and blushes told
She did the youth approve ;
*For where 's the heart that can resist
The vows of faithful love ?*

"Lo! I've a cottage, and I've a cow,
And many sheep beside;
And I've a field of ripening corn;
And I'll make thee my bride."

The listening damsel heard his vows,
And thrice for joy she sighed;
She thought the stranger passing rich,
And said she'd be his bride.

And oft her mother heard the tale,
Nor did the dame repine;
"And if thou canst keep her, stranger youth,
The damsel shall be thine."

"Ah, then, farewell, my charming fair,"
The lordling peasant cries,

"For I must wend for many a mile
Ere I can take a bride."

"Oh! say not so, then, stranger youth,
Oh say not so, I pray!
For if thou dost go—oh, I shall rue
That e'er you came this way."

“ Yes, I must go, thou charming maid,
 I can no longer stay ;
 Though ever until I here return,
 Must I moan the livelong day.

“ But if before I come again,
 This passing month shall slide,
 Oh, then no more await for me,
 But be another’s bride.

“ For death may meet me on the way,
 And from thy arms divide ;
 Or dire misfortune blast my joys,
 And ’rive me of my bride.”

“ Oh ! then fast flowed the maiden’s tears,
 While tenderly she cried,

“ Oh ! no, dear youth, though thou shouldst
 die,

I’ll be no other’s bride !”

The maiden’s face with grief was sad,
 Her cheek was wet with tears ;
 So the pale lily, besprent with rain,
 Or dew-dropt rose appears.

PART THE SECOND.

AND now for many weeks and months
The baron he did stay,
Nor did he seek his dear lov'd maid
For many a livelong day.

And, though the tender sigh it cost,
And heartfelt tear did move,
Full many a month he stay'd away,
Her constancy to prove.

At length he called his knights and squires,
And neighbours of his degree,
To travel, in all the pomp of state,
The lovely maid to see.

And now, with gay and gallant train,
That baron took his way ;
The golden sun that so high did shine
Did gild his pomp that day.

64 THE BARON AND THE MAIDEN

The maiden stood at her garden pale,
In hopes her love t' espy ;
And every peasant that she saw,
She heaved a heartfelt sigh.

"Alas ! and woe is me !" she cried,
" Could I my love but see !
I fear the stranger youth is dead,
Or thinks no more of me."

Thus sighed the maid, as o'er the plain
She look'd for her true love ;
When sudden she saw the gallant train
Towards her cottage move.

And soon the baron hath cross'd the green ;
And smilingly he cried,—
" Sweet maid, I 've heard thy beauty's fame,
And thou shalt be my bride.

" Rich robes of state shall deck thy frame,
A coronet gild thy brow ;
And a castle shalt thou have for dower,
With manors high and low."

The maiden but sigh'd at all his bribes,
Her faith they could not move ;
For little she thought this gay baron
Could be her own true love.

Thus, though to gain the maiden's hand
This gallant baron strove,
Yet all his grandeur she despis'd,
For the youth that she did love.

And, though her angry mother tried
Her constant heart to move,
As vain were her mother's cruel threats
As the baron's golden love.

PART THE THIRD.

NIGHT was come on, and o'er the plain
The moon's pale glimmering shone,
When the hapless maiden took her way,
All friendless and alone :—

66 THE BARON AND THE MAIDEN

All helpless and alone she sped,
And sadly did she rove,
O'er many a hill and many a dale,
In search of her peasant love.

And now the pale full moon was gone,
And stormy clouds did lower ;
Her sighings added to the wind,
Her tears increas'd the shower.

And, though full loud the thunders roll'd,
And wet, wet pour'd the rain,
Yet still, in search of her lov'd youth,
She brav'd the stormy plain.

Rous'd with the warring of the storm,
The baron up arose ;
And soon, in search of his beauteous maid,
With anxious speed he goes.

But, lo ! the hapless maid was gone
Through deserts wild to rove,—
Alas ! all friendless and alone,—
In search of her true love.

Oh ! then that baron griev'd full sore,
And his foot-page called he :
" Oh ! bring me here my peasant garb
As quick as ye can flee."

Oh ! then rode forth this young baron,
O'er many a dreary way ;
When, alas ! all on the stormy plain
He saw the maiden lay.

O'ercome with toil, and spent with grief,
That hapless maid had fell ;
The baron he wip'd his quivering brow,
While his heart it 'gan to swell.

He got him water from the brook,
And sprinkled o'er the maid :
But many a tear that from him fell
Lent most its saving aid.

Right glad he mark'd her struggling breath,
And blush reviving face,
While tender he welcom'd her to life,
With many a fond embrace.

“And art thou found, my own true love,
And art thou come,” she said,
“Then blest be the night, and blest the hour,
When from our cot I fled.”

Thus spake the maid ; and fast they rode
Through many a lonely way ;
And she thought that to his humble cot
Her love would her convey.

But soon they reach'd the castle wall,
And came to the castle gate ;
When, lo ! the youth, without delay,
Rode boldly in thereat.

Thrice turn'd the maiden wan and pale,
And with fear her heart was moved,
When she saw the lordly baron was
The peasant youth she loved.

But blithe he cried,—“Cheer up, my fair,
Forgive my pride, I pray ;
And, lo ! for thy faith, thus nobly proved,
Be this thy bridal day.”

“ Although thou was but a lowly maid,
Thou art now my countess gay ;
Then, come, cheer up, my love so true,
For this is our bridal day.”

The wardens blew their sounding horns,
And their banners stream'd in air :
Their horns resounded o'er the dale ;
The banners shone afar.

THE GENTLE HERDSMAN.

GENTLE herdsman, tell to me,
Of curtesy I thee pray,
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way.

“ Unto the towne of Walsingham
The way is hard for to be gon ;
And verry crooked are those pathes
For you to find out all alone.”

Weere the miles doubled thrise,
And the way never soe ill,
Itt were not enough for mine offence ;
Itt is soe grievous and soe ill.

“Thy yeares are young, thy face is faire.
Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are
greene ;
Time hath not given thee leave, as yett,
For to committ so great a sinne.”

Yes, herdsman, yes, soe wouldest thou say,
If thou knewest soe much as I ;
My witts, and thoughts, and all the rest, ;
Have well deserved for to dye.

I am not what I seeme to bee,
My clothes and sexe doe differ farr:
I am a woman, woe is me !
Born to greeffe and irksome care.

For my beloved, and well-beloved,
My wayward cruelty could kill ;
And though my teares will nought avail,
Most dearely I bewail him still.

He was the flower of noble wights,
None ever more sincere colde bee ;
Of comely mien and shape hee was
And tenderlye hee loved mee.

When thus I saw he loved me well,
I grewe so proud his paine to see,
That I, who did not know myselfe,
Thought scorne of such a youth as hee ;

And grew soe coy and nice to please,
As women's lookes are often soe,
He might not kisse, nor hand forsooth,
Unlesse I will'd him soe to doe.

Thus being wearyed with delayes
To see I pittyed not his greeffe,
He gott him to a secrett place,
And there he dyed without releeffe.

And for his sake these weeds I weare,
And sacrifice my tender age ;
And every day Ile begg my bread.
To undergo this pilgrimage.

HOOD AND ALLIN 'A' DALE.

My day I fast and pray,
I will doe till I dye;
Come to some secrett place,
I did hee, and soe will I.

The herdsman, aske no more,
I spe my secretts I thee pray:
I knowe of Walsingham
I will the right and ready way.

Follow thy wayes, and God before!
He must ever guide thee still:
I knowe that dale, the right hand path.
Fare thee well, faire pilgrim, fare thee well!"

HOOD AND ALLIN 'A' DALE,

Come to me, you gallants so free,
I have that love mirth for to hear,
I tell you of a bold outlâw,
Who lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
 All under the green-wood tree,
 There he was aware of a brave young man
 As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was cloathed in scarlet red,
 In scarlet fine and gay ;
 And he did frisk it over the plain,
 And chanted a round-de-lay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
 Amongst the leaves so gay,
 There did he espy the same young man
 Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before
 It was clean cast away ;
 And at every step he fetcht a sigh,
 " Alack and a-well a-day !"

Then stepped forth brave litle Little John.
 And " Nicke," the miller's son
 Which made the young man bend his bow
 When as he saw them come.

74 ROBIN HOOD AND ALLIN 'A' DALE.

"Stand off, stand off," the young man said,
"What is your will with me?"
"You must come before our master straight,
Under yon green-wood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin askt him courteously,
"O, hast thou any money to spare
For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings and a ring ;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have it at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a wife,
But she from me was ta'en,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,
"Come tell me, without any fail."
"Well if you will have it," then said the
young man,
"*My name* it is Allin 'a' Dale."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,
In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young
man,
"No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without guile."
"By the faith of my body," then said the
young man,
"It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor lin,
Until he came unto the church,
Where Allin should keep his wedding.

"What hast thou here?" the bishop then said,
"I prithee now tell unto me."

76 ROBIN HOOD AND ALLIN 'A' DALE.

"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,
"And the best in the north country."

"O welcome, O welcome," the bishop he said,
"That music best pleaseth me."

"You shall have no music," quoth Robin
Hood,
"Till the bride and the bridegroom I see.

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old,
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like the glistening gold.

"This is not a fit match," quod bold Robin
Hood,
"That you do seem to make here,
For since we are come into the church,
The bride shall choose her own dear."

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three;
When four and twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lee.

And when they came into the church-yard,
Marching all on a row,
The first man was Allin a Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true love," Robin he said,
"Young Allin, as I hear say,
And you shall be married at 'this' same time,
Before we depart away."

"That shall not be," the bishop he said,
"For thy word shall not stand ;
They shall be three times askt in the church.
As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pull'd off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John ;
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,
"This 'cloth' doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire
The people began to laugh ;
He askt them seven times in the church,
Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid?" said Little John,
Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I;
And he that takes her from Allin a Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy."

And thus having ended this merry wedding,
The bride lookt like a queen;
And so they return'd to the merry green-wood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

PART THE FIRST.

LITHE and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will beginne:
It is of a lord of faire Scotland,
Which was the unthrifty heire of Liune.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead, him free,
And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheare,
To drinke and revell every night,
To card and dice from eve to morne,
It was, I ween, his heart's delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
To always spend and never spare,
I wott, an' it were the king himselfe,
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

So fares the unthrifty Lord* of Linne
Till all his gold is gone and spent ;
And he maun sell his landes so broad,
His house, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewarde,
And John o' the Scales was called hee :
But John is become a gentel-man,
And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes, " Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne,
Let nought disturb thy merry cheere ;

* "Lord" means here probably nothing more than the Scotch *Laird*," or landed proprietor.

If thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,
Good store of gold I'll give thee heere."

"My gold is gone, my money is spent,
My lande nowe take it unto thee:
Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my lande shall bee."

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he cast him a gods-pennie;*
But for every pounce that John agreed,
The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the borde,
He was right glad his land to winne;
"The gold is thine, the lande is mine,
And now I'll be the Lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land soe broad,
Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
All but a poore and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

* *i. e.* Earnest-money; from the French "*Denier à Dieu*." At this day, when application is made to the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle to accept an exchange of the tenant under one of their leases, a piece of silver is presented by the new tenant, which is still called a *God's-penny*.

For soe he to his father hight.

“ My sonne, when I am gonne,” sayd hee,
“ Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free :

“ But sweare me nowe upon the roode,
That lonesome lodge thou 'lt never spend ;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.”

The heire of Linne is full of golde :

“ And come with me, my friends,” sayd hee,
“ Let 's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.”

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thinne ;
And then his friendes they slunk away :
They left the unthrifty heire of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse
Never a penny left but three,
And one was brass, another was lead
And another it was white money.

"Nowe well-adaye," sayd the heire of Linne,

"Nowe well-adaye, and woe is mee,
For when I was the Lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold nor fee.

"But many a trustye friend have I,
And why shold I feel dole or care?
I 'll borrow of them all by turnes,
Soe need I not be never bare."

But one, I wis, was not at home;
Another had payd his gold away;
Another call'd him thriftless loone,
And bade him sharply wend his way.

"Nowe well-adaye," sayd the heire of Linne,
"Nowe well-adaye, and woe is mee;
For when I had my landes so broad,
On me they liv'd right merrilee.

"To beg my bread from door to door,
I wis, it were a brenning shame:
To rob and steal it were a sinne:
To worke my limbs I cannot frame.

"Now I'll away to the lonesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend :
When all the world shold frown on mee
I there shold find a trusty friend."

PART THE SECOND.

AWAYE then hyed the heire of Linne
O'er hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
Until he came to the lonesome lodge,
That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,
In hope some comfort for to winne :
But bare and lothly were the walles.
"Here 's sorry cheare," quo' the heire of
Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke
Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe :
No shimmering sunn here ever shone ;
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote spye,
No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed,
Nought save a rope with renning noose,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters,
These words were written so plain to see :
“ Ah ! graceless wretch, hast spent thine all,
And brought thyselfe to penurie ?

“ All this my boding mind misgave,
I therefore left this trusty friend :
Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrows end.”

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke,
Sorely shent was the heire of Linne ;
His heart, I wis, was near to brast
With guilt and sorrow, shame and sinne.

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,
Never a word he spake but three :
“ This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto mee.”

Then round his necke the corde he drewe,
And sprang aloft with his bodie :
Whan lo! the ceiling burst in twaine,
And to the ground come tumbling hee.

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,
Ne knewe if he were live or dead :
At length he looked, and saw a bille,
And in it a key of gold so redd.

He took the bille, and lookt it on,
Strait good comfort found he there ;
Itt told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chests in-fere.

Two were full of the beaten golde,
The third was full of white monèy ;
And over them in broad lettèrs
These words were written so plaine to see ·

“ Once more, my sonne, I sett thee clere ;
Amend thy life and follies past :
For but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last.”

"And let it bee," sayd the heire of Linne;
"And let it bee, unless I amend,
For here I will make mine avow.
This reade shall guide me to the end."

Away then went with a merry cheare,
Away then went the heir of Linne;
I wis, he neither ceas'd ne blanne,
Till John o' the Scales house he did winnc.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Upp at the speere* then looked hee;
There sate three lords upon a rowe,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himself sate at the bord-head,
Because now lord of Linne was hee.
"I pray thee," he said, "good John o' the
Scales,
One forty pence for to lend mee."

* A hole in the door or window, by which it was *speered*, i. e. sparr'd, fastened, or shut.—In the 2nd Part of Bale's *Acts of Eng. Votaries*, is this phrase, (fol. 33.) "The dore therof oft tymes opened and *speared* agayne."

“ Away, away, thou thriftless loone ;
Away, away, this may not bee :
For Heavens curse on my head,” he sayd,
“ If ever I trust thee one pennie.”

Then bespake the heire of Linne,
To John o’ the Scales wife then spake he :
“ Madame, some almes on me bestowe,
I pray for sweet saint Charitiè.”

“ Away, away, thou thriftless loone,
I swear thou gettest no almes of mee ;
For if we shold hang any losel heere,
The first we wold begin with thee.”

Then bespake a good fellòwe,
Which sat at John o’ the Scales his bord ;
Sayd, “ Turn againe, thou heire of Linne ;
Some time thou wast a well good lord :

“ Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy gold and fee ;
Therefore I ’ll lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need bee.

“ And ever, I pray thee, John o’ the Scales,
To let him sit in thy companie :
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee.”

Up then spake him John o’ the Scales,
All wold he answer’d him againe :
“ Now Heavens curse on my head,” he sayd.
“ But I did lose by that bargaine.

“ And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
Before these lords so faire and free,
Thou shalt have it backe again better cheap
By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee.

“ I drawe you to record, lords,” he sayd,
With that he cast him a gods-pennie.
“ Now by my fay,” sayd thee heire of Linne
“ And here, good John, is thy monèy.”

And he pull’d forth three bagges of gold,
And layd them down upon the bord :
All woe begone was John o’ the Scales,
Soe shent he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth wi' mickle dinne.
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I 'm againe the Lord of Linne."

Sayes, "Have thou here, thou good fellòwe,
Forty pence thou didst lend mee :
Now I am againe the Lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

"I 'll make thee keeper of my forrest,
Both of the wild deere and the tame ;
For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
I wis, good fellowe, I were to blame."

"Now well-aday !" sayth Joan o' the Scales ;
"Now well-aday ! and woe is my life !
Yesterday I was Lady of Linne,
Now I 'm but John of the Scales his wife."

"Now fare thee well," sayd the heire of Linne ;
"Farewell now John o' the Scales," said hee :
"Heavens curse light on me, if ever again
I bring my lands in jeopardy."

THE BONNIE BAIRNS.

THE lady she walk'd in yon wild wood
Aneath the hollin tree,
And she was aware of two bonnie bairns
Were running at her knee.

The tane it pull'd a red, red rose,
With a hand as soft as silk ;
The other, it pull'd the lily pale,
With a hand mair white than milk.

“ Now, why pull ye the red rose, fair bairns ?
And why the white lily ? ”

“ O we sue wi' them at the seat of grace,
For the soul of thee, ladie ! ”

“ O bide wi' me, my twa bonnie bairns !
I'll cleid ye rich and fine ;
And all for the blaeberries of the wood,
Yese hae white bread and wine.”

She heard a voice, a sweet low voice,
Say, "Weans, ye tarry long"—
She stretch'd her hand to the youngest bairn,
"Kiss me before ye gang."

She sought to take a lily hand,
And kiss a rosie chin—
"O, nought sae pure can bide the touch
Of a hand red-wet wi' sin!"

The stars were shooting to and fro,
And wild fire fill'd the air,
As that lady follow'd thae bonnie bairns
For three lang hours and mair.

"O! where dwell ye, my ain sweet bairns?
I'm woe and weary grown;"
"O! lady, we live where woe never is,
In a land to flesh unknown."

There came a shape which seem'd to her
As a rainbow 'mang the rain;
And sair these sweet babes pled for her,
And they pled and pled in vain.

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“ And O ! and O ! ” said the youngest babe,

“ My mother maun come in : ”

“ And O ! and O ! ” said the eldest babe,

“ Wash her twa hands frae sin.”

“ And O ! and O ! ” said the youngest babe,

“ She nursed me on her knee : ”

“ And O ! and O ! ” said the eldest babe,

“ She ’s a mither yet to me.”

“ And O ! and O ! ” said the babes baith,

“ Take her where waters rin,

And white as the milk of her white breast,

Wash her twa hands frae sin.”

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BUTCHER.

COME, all you brave gallants, listen awhile,

That are “ this bower ” within ;

For of Robin Hood, that archer good,

A song I intend for to sing.

Upon a time it chanced so,
Bold Robin in the forrest did 'spy
A jolly butcher, with a bonny fine mare,
With his flesh to the market did hye.

"Good morrow, good fellow," said jolly
Robin,
"What food hast thou, tell to me?
Thy trade to me tell, and where thou dost
dwell,
For I like well thy company."

The butcher he answer'd jolly Robin,
"No matter where I dwell:
For a butcher I am, and to Nottingham
I am going, my flesh to sell."

"What is the price of thy flesh?" said jolly
Robin
"Come tell it soon unto me;
And the price of thy mare, be she never so
dear,
For a butcher fain would I be."

94 ROBIN HOOD AND THE BUTCHER.

"The price of my flesh," the butcher repli'd,
 "I soon will tell unto thee ;
With my bonny mare, and they are not too
 dear,
 Four mark thou must give unto me."

"Four mark I will give thee," said jolly Robin,
 "Four mark it shall be thy fee ;
The money come count, and let me mount,
 For a butcher I fain would be."

Now Robin he is to Notingham gone,
 His butchers trade to begin ;
With good intent to the sheriff he went,
 And there he took up his inn.

When other butchers they opened their meat,
 Bold Robin he then begun,
But how for to sell he knew not well,
 For a butcher he was but young.

When other butchers no meat could sell,
 Robin got both gold and fee ;
For he sold more meat for one peny
 Than others could do for three.

But when he sold his meat so fast,
 No butcher by him could thrive ;
 For he sold more meat for one peny
 Than others could do for five.

Which made the butchers of Notingham
 To study as they did stand,
 Saying, " Surely he is some prodigal,
 That hath sold his fathers land."

The butchers stepped to jolly Robìn,
 Acquainted with him for to be ;
 " Come, brother," one said, " we be all of one
 trade,
 Come, will you go dine with me ?"

" Accurst of his heart," said jolly Robìn,
 " That a butcher doth deny ;
 I will go with you, my brethren true,
 As fast as I can lie."

But when to the sheriffs house they came,
 To dinner they hied apace,
 And Robin Hood he the man must be
 Before them all to say grace.

"Pray God bless us all," said jolly Robin,
 "And our meat within this place ;
A cup of sack so good will nourish our blood :
 And so I do end my grace."

"Come fill us more wine," said jolly Robin,
 "Let us be merry while we do stay ;
For wine and good cheer, be it never so dear,
 I vow I the reckning will pay."

"Come, brothers, be merry," said jolly Robin,
 "Let us drink, nor yet give ore ;
For the shot I will pay, ere I go my way,
 If it costs me five pounds and more."

"This is a mad blade," the butchers then said.
 Saies the sheriff, "He is some prodigal,
That some land has sold for silver and gold,
 And now he doth mean to spend all."

"Hast thou any horn beasts," the sheriff
 repli'd,

 "Good fellow, to sell unto me?"

"Yes, that I have, good master sheriff,
 I have hundreds two or three,

"And a hundred aker of good free land,
If you please it to see:
And Ile make you as good assurance of it,
As ever my father made me."

The sheriff he saddled his good palfrey,
And, with three hundred pound in gold,
Away he went with bold Robin Hood,
His horned beasts to behold.

Away then the sheriff and Robin did ride,
To the forrest of merry Sherwood,
Then the sheriff did say, "God save us this
day,
From a man they call Robin Hood!"

But when a little farther they came,
Bold Robin he chanced to spy
A hundred head of good red deer,
Come tripping the sheriff full nigh.

"How like you my horn'd beasts, good mas-
ter sheriff!
They be fat and fair for to see."

"I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,
For I like not thy company."

Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
And blew but blasts three ;
Then quickly anon there came Little John,
And all his company.

"What is your will, master?" then said Little
John,

"Good master, come tell unto me."

"I have brought hither the sheriff of Not-
tingham
This day to dine with thee."

"He is welcome to me," then said Little John,

"I hope he will honestly pay ;
I know he has gold, if it be but well told,
Will serve us to drink a whole day."

Then Robin took his mantle from his back,
And laid it upon the ground ;
And out of the sheriffs portmantle
He told three hundred pound.

Then Robin he brought him thorow the wood,
And set him on his dapple gray ;
“ O have me commended to your wife at
home : ”
So Robin went laughing away.

KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

KING LEIR once rulèd in this land
With princely power and peace ;
And had all things with hearts content,
That might his joys increase.
Amongst those things that nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
A question thus to move,

Which of his daughters to his grace
Could shew the dearest love:
“For to my age you bring content,”
Quoth he, “then let me hear,
Which of you three in plighted troth
The kindest will appear.”

To whom the eldest thus began ;
“Dear father, mind,” quoth she,
“Before your face, to do you good,
My blood shall render’d be :
And for your sake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain.”

“And so will I,” the second said ;
“Dear father, for your sake,
The worst of all extremities
I’ll gently undertake :
And serve your highness night and day
With diligence and love ;
That sweet content and quietness
Discomforts may remove.”

"In doing so, you glad my soul,"

The aged king reply'd ;

"But what sayst thou, my youngest girl,

How is thy love ally'd ?"

"My love (quoth young Cordelia then)

Which to your grace I owe,

Shall be the duty of a child,

And that is all I 'll show.'

"And wilt thou show no more," quoth he,

"Than doth thy duty bind ?

I well perceive thy love is small,

When as no more I find.

Henceforth I banish thee my court,

Thou art no child of mine ;

Nor any part of this my realm

By favour shall be thine.

"Thy elder sisters loves are more

Than well I can demand,

To whom I equally bestow

My kingdome and my land.

My pompal state and all my goods,

That lovingly I may

With those thy sisters be maintain'd
Until my dying day."

Thus flattering speeches won renown,
By these two sisters here ;
The third had causeless banishment,
Yet was her love more dear :
For poor Cordelia patiently
Went wand'ring up and down,
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
Through many an English town :

Untill at last in famous France
She gentler fortunes found ;
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd
The fairest on the ground :
Where when the king her virtues heard,
And this fair lady seen,
With full consent of all his court
He made his wife and queen.

Her father King Leir all this while
With his two daughters staid :

Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
Full soon the same decay'd :
And living in Queen Ragan's court,
The eldest of the twain,
She took from him his chiefest means,
And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
To wait with bended knee :
She gave allowance but to ten,
And after scarce to three ;
Nay, one she thought too much for him ;
So took she all away,
In hope that in her court, good king,
He would no longer stay.

" Am I rewarded thus," quoth he,
" In giving all I have
Unto my children, and to beg
For what I lately gave ?
I 'll go unto my Gonorell :
My second child, I know,
Will be more kind and pitiful,
And will relieve my woe."

Full fast ne hies them to her court ;
Where when she heard his moan,
Returned him answer, That she griev'd,
That all his means were gone :
But no way could relieve his wants ;
Yet if that he would stay
Within her kitchen, he should have
What scullions gave away.

When he had heard, with bitter tears,
He made his answer then ;
“ In what I did let me be made
Example to all men.
I will return again,” quoth he,
“ Unto my Ragan's court ;
She will not use me thus, I hope,
But in a kinder sort.”

Where when he came, she gave command
To drive him thence away ;
When he was well within her court
(She said) he would not stay.
Then back again to Gonorell
The woeful king did hie,

That in her kitchen he might have
What scullion boys set by.

But there of that he was deny'd
Which she had promis'd late :
For once refusing, he should not
Come after to her gate.
Thus twixt his daughters, for relief
He wandered up and down ;
Full glad to feed on beggars food,
That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
His youngest daughter's words,
That said the duty of a child
Was all that love affords :
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had banish'd so,
Grew frantic mad ; for in his mind
He bore the wounds of woe :

Which made him rend his milk-white locks,
And tresses from his head,

And all with blood bestain his cheeks,
With age and honour spread.
To hills and woods and watry founts
He made his hourly mean,
Till hills and woods and senseless things,
Did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possest with discontents,
He passed o're to France,
In hopes from fair Cordelia there,
To find some gentler chance.
Most virtuous dame! for when she heard
Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, she quickly sent
Him comfort and relief:

And by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant sort,
She gave in charge he should brought
To Aganippus' court;
Whose royal king, with noble mind
So freely gave consent,
To muster up his knights at arms,
To fame and courage bent.

KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS. 107

And so to England came with speed,
With his Cordelia dear,
To drive her sisters from their thrones
And repossesse King Leir.
But she, true-hearted noble queen,
Was in the battel slain ;
While he, good king, in his old days
Possess his crown again.

And when he heard Cordelia's death,
Who died indeed for love
Of her dear father, in whose cause
She did this battle move ;
He swooning fell upon her breast,
From whence he never parted :
But on her bosom left his life,
That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw
The end of these events,
The other sisters unto death
They doomèd by consents,

And being dead, their crowns they left
Unto the next of kin :
Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
And disobedient sin.

THE WANDERING JEW.

WHEN as in faire Jerusalem
Our Saviour Christ did live,
And for the sins of all the worlde
His own deare life did give;
The wicked Jewes with scoffes and scorn
Did daile him molest,
That never till he left his life,
Our Saviour could have rest.

When they had crown'd his head with
And scourg'd him to disgrace,

In scornfull sort they led him forth,
Unto his dying place,
Where thousand thousands in the streete
Beheld him passe along,
Yet not one gentle heart was there,
That pityed this his wrong.

Both old and young reviled him,
As in the streete he wente,
And nought he found but churlish tauntes,
By every ones consente :
His owne deare crosse he bore himselfe,
A burthen far too great,
Which made him in the street to fainte,
With blood and water sweat.

Being weary thus, he sought for rest,
To ease his burthened soule,
Upon a stone ; the which a wretch
Did churlishly controule ;
And sayd, " Awaye, thou King of Jewes,
Thou shalt not rest thee here ;
Pass on ; thy execution place
Thou seest nowe draweth neare."

And thereupon he thrust him thence ;
At which our Saviour sayd,
" I sure will rest, but thou shalt walke,
And have no journey stayed."
With that this cursed shoemaker,
For offering Christ this wrong,
Left wife and children, house and all,
And went from thence along.

Where after he had seene the bloude
Of Jesus Christ thus shed,
And to the cross his bodye nail'd,
Awaye with speed he fled
Without returning backe againe
Unto his dwelling place,
And wandred up and downe the worlde,
A runnagate most base.

No resting could he finde at all,
No ease, nor hearts content ;
No house, nor home, nor biding place :
But wandring forth he went
From towne to towne in foreigne landes,
With grieved conscience still,

Repenting for the heinous guilt
Of his fore-passed ill.

Thus after some fewe ages past
In wandring up and downe,
He much again desired to see
Jerusalems renowne ;
But finding it all quite destroyed,
He wandred thence with woe,
Our Saviours wordes, which He had spok.
To verifie and showe.

“ I’ll rest,” sayd Hee, “ but thou shalt
walke ;”—

So doth this wandring Jew
From place to place, but cannot rest
For seeing countries newe ;
Declaring still the power of Him,
Whereas he comes or goes,
And of all things done in the east,
Since Christ His death, he showes.

The world he hath still compast round
And seene those nations strange,

That hearing of the name of Christ,
Their idol gods doe change :
To whom he hath told wondrous thinges
Of time forepast, and gone,
And to the princes of the worlde
Declares his cause of moane :

Desiring still to be dissolv'd,
And yield his mortal breath ;
But, if the Lord hath thus decreed,
He shall not yet see death.
For neither lookes he old nor young,
But as he did those times,
When Christ did suffer on the crosse
For mortall sinners crimes.

He hath past through many a foreigne place,
Arabia, Egypt, Africa,
Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace,
And throughout all Hungaria,
Where Paul and Peter preached Christ,
Those blest apostles deare ;
There he hath told our Saviours wordes,
In countries far and neare.

And lately in Bohemia,
With many a German towne ;
And now in Flanders, as tis thought,
He wandreth up and downe :
Where learned men with him conferre
Of those his lingering dayes,
And wonder much to heare him tell
His journeyes, and his wayes,
If people give this Jew an almes,
The most that he will take
Is not above a groat a time :
Which he, for Jesus' sake,
Will kindlye give unto the poor.
And thereof make no spare,
Affirming still that Jesus Christ
Of him hath dailye care.

He ne'er was seene to laugh nor smile
But weepe and make great moane
Lamenting still his miseries,
And dayes forepast and gone :
If he heare any one blaspheme.
Or take God's name in vaine

114 THE CHATSWORTH OUTLAW.

He telles them that they crucifie
Their Saviour Christ againe.

“If you had seene His death,” saith he,
“As these mine eyes have done,
Ten thousand thousand times would yee
His torments think upon :
And suffer for His sake all paine
Of torments, and all woes.”
These are his wordes and eke his life
Whereas he comes or goes.

THE CHATSWORTH OUTLAW.

THE sun had risen above the mist,
The boughs in dew were dreeping ;
Seven foresters sat on Chatsworth bank,
And sung while roes were leaping.

“Alas!” sung one, “for Chatsworth oaks,
Their heads are bald and hoary,

They droop in fulness of honour and fame,
They have had their time of glory.

“How fair they stand amid their green land,
The sock or share ne’er pain’d them;
Not a bough or leaf have been shred from
their strength,
Nor the woodman’s axe profaned them.”

“Green,” sung another, “were they that hour
When Scotland’s loveliest woman,*
And saddest queen, in the sweet twilight,
Aneath their boughs was roamin’.

“And ever the Derwent lilies her tears
In their silver tops were catching,
As she look’d to the cold and faithless north,
Till her eyes wax’d dim with watching.”

“Be mute now,” the third forester said,
“The dame who fledged mine arrow
With the cygnet’s wing, has a whiter hand,
Than the fairest maid on Yarrow.”

* Mary Queen of Scots.

Loud laugh'd the forester fourth, and sung,
 " Say not thy maid 's the fair one ;
 On the banks of Dove there dwells my love,
 A beauteous and a rare one."

" Now cease your singing," the fifth one said,
 " And choose of shafts the longest,
 And seek the bucks on Chatsworth chase,
 Where the lady-bracken 's strongest.

" Let every bow be strung, and smite
 The fattest and the fairest ;
 Lord Devonshire will taste our cheer,
 Of England's lords the rarest."

" String them with speed," the sixth man said,
 " For low down in the forest
 There runs a deer I long to smite,
 With bitter shafts the sorest.

" The bucks bound blythe on Chatsworth-lea,
 Where brackens grow the greenest ;
 The pheasant 's safe 'neath Chatsworth oaks,
 When the tempest sweeps the keenest.

"In the wild wood of fair Dove dwells
An Outlaw, young and handsome ;
A sight of him on Chatsworth bank
Were worth a prince's ransom.

"Now bend your bows, and choose your
shafts,"—
His string at his touch went sighing ;
"The Outlaw comes—now, now at his breas'
Let seven broad shafts be flying."

The Outlaw came—with a song he came—
Green was his gallant cleeding ;
A horn at his belt, in his hand the bow
That set the roebucks bleeding.

The Outlaw came—with a song he came—
O'er a brow more brent and bonny
The pheasant plume ne'er danced and shone,
In a summer morning sunny.

The Outlaw came—at his belt, a blade
Broad, short, and sharp was gleamin' ;
Free was his step as one who had ruled
Among knights and lovely women.

Sec, by his shadow in the stream
 He loves to look and linger,
 And wave his mantle richly flower'd
 By a white and witching finger.

"Now, shall I hit him where yon gay plume
 Of the Chatsworth pheasant's glancing ;
 Or shall I smite his shapely limbs
 That charm our maidens dancing?"

"Hold! hold!" a northern forester said,
 "Twill be told from Trent to Yarrow,
 How the true-love song of a gentle Outlaw
 Was stay'd by a churl's arrow."

"It ne'er shall be said," quoth the forester
 then,
 "That the song of a red-deer reaver
 Could charm the bow that my grandsire bent
 On the banks of Guadalquiver."

And a shaft he laid, as he spoke, to the string,
 When the Outlaw's song came falling
 As sweet on his ear, as the wind when it comes
Through the fragrant woodlands calling.

There each man stood, with his good bow
bent,

And his shaft pluck'd from the quiver:
While thus then sung that gallant Outlaw,
Till rung both rock and river:

“Oh! bonny Chatsworth, and fair Chatsworth!
Thy bucks go merrily bounding;
Aneath your green oaks, as the herds flew past,
How oft have my shafts been sounding!

“It is sweet to meet with the one we love,
When the night is nigh the hoarest:
It is sweet to bend the bow as she bids,
On the proud prey of the forest.

“One fair dame loves the cittern's sound,
When the words of love are winging;
But my fair one's music's the Outlaw's horn,
And his bow-string sharply singing.

“She waves her hand—her lily-white hand,
'Tis a spell to each who sees her;
One glance of her eye—and I snatch my bow,
And let fly my arrows to please her

" I bring the lark from the morning cloud,
When its song is at the sweetest ;
I stay the deer upon Chatsworth lea,
When its flight is at the fleetest,

" There 's magic in the wave of her hand,
And her dark eye rains those glances,
Which fill the best and the wisest hearts
With love's sweet influences.

" Her locks are brown—bright berry brow
O'er her temples white descending ;
And her neck is like the neck of the swan,
As her stately way she 's wending.

" How I have won my way to her heart
'Tis past all men's discernin' ;
For she is lofty, and I am low,
My lovely Julia Vernon."

He turned him right and round about,
With a step both long and lordly ;
When he was aware of those foresters bold,
And he bore him wondrous proudly.

" Good morrow, good fellows!" all fearless
he said,

" Was your supper spread so sparsely ;
Or is it to feast some sweet young dame,
That you bend your bows so early ?

" I feast me now on the ptarmigan,
And then I taste the pheasant ;
And my supper is of the Chatsworth fawn,
Which my love dresses pleasant.

" But to-morrow I feast on yon bonny roc-
buck ;
'Tis time I stay'd his bounding ;"
He twang'd his string—like the swallow it
sung,
All shrilly and sharply sounding.

" By my grandsire's bow," said a forester
then,
" By my shafts which fly so yarely,
And by all the skill of my strong right hand,
Good Outlaw, thou lords it rarely.

122 THE CHATSWORTH OUTLAW.

“ Seest thou yon tree, yon lonely tree,
Whose bough the Derwent’s laving?—
Upon its top, thou gallant Outlaw,
Thou ’lt be hung to feed the raven.

“ So short as the time this sharp shaft flies,
And strikes yon golden pheasant—
There—thy time is meted, so bid farewell
To these greenwoods wild and pleasant.”

The Outlaw laugh’d ; “ Good fellow,” he said,
“ My sword ’s too sure a servant
To suffer that tree to bear such fruit,
While it stands upon the Derwent.

“ She would scorn my might, my own true
love,
And the mother would weep that bore me,
If I stay’d my step for such strength as thine,
Or seven such churls before me.

“ I have made my way with this little brown
sword,
Where the war-steeds rush’d the throngest ;

I have saved my breast with this little brown
sword,

When the strife was at the strongest.

“It guarded me well in bonny Scotland,
When the Scotts and Graemes fought
fervent ;

And the steel that saved me by gentle Nith,
May do the same by Derwent.”

“Fair fall thee, Outlaw, for that word !

Oh ! Nith, thou gentle river,
When a bairn, I flew along thy banks,
As an arrow from the quiver.

“The roebucks run upon thy braes

Without a watch or warden ;
And the tongue that calls thee a gentle stream
Is dear to Geordie Gordon.”

The Outlaw smiled, “’Tis a soldier’s saye

That the Gordons, blythe and ready,
Ne’er stoop’d the plumes of their basnets
bright

Save to a lovesome lady.”

“ Now by Saint Allen,” the forester said,
 “ And the Saint who slew the dragon ;
 And by this hand that wields the brand,
 As wight as it tooms the flagon ;

“ It shall never be told of the Gordon’s name,
 Of a name so high and lordly,
 That I took a gallant Outlaw in the toil,
 And hanged him base and cowardly.

“ I ’ll give thee the law of Lord Nithisdale,
 A good lord of the border ;
 So take thy bow, thou gallant Outlaw,
 And set thy shafts in order.

“ And we will go each one to his stance,
 With bows and arrows ready ;
 And thou shalt climb up Chatsworth bank,
 Where the wood is wild and shady.

“ And thou shalt stand on yon rough red rock,
 With woodbine hung and bracken ;
 And shout three times o’er Derwent vale,
 Till all the echocs waken.

"Then loose thy shafts, and slay a buck,
Fit for a monarch's larders ;
And carry him free from Chatsworth park,
In spite of seven warders.

"Do this and live, and I do vow
By the white hand of my mother,
I'll smite him low who runs ere thou shout,
Where he Saint Andrew's brother."

The Outlaw smiled; "Good Gordon," he said,
"I'll shout both high and gaily ;
And smite a buck, and carry him off ;
'Tis the work I'm bowne to daily."

The Outlaw stood upon Chatsworth rock,
Like light his looks did gladden ;
The sun was shining on Bakewell-Edge,
And on the heights of Haddon.

The Outlaw stood upon Chatsworth rock,
He look'd to vale and mountain,
And gave a shout so shrill, the swans
Sprung up from stream and fountain.

The Outlaw stood upon Chatsworth rock,
 And shouted shrill and gaily :
 Till the dun deer leap'd from brake and bowe.
 Two miles down Derwent valley.

The Outlaw stood upon Chatsworth rock,
 Looking o'er the vale so narrow ;
 And his voice flew fleet as away from the
 string
 Starts off the thirsty arrow.

And loudly it rung in Haddon-wood,
 Where the deer in pairs were dernan :
 And loudly it rung in Haddon-hall,
 And up rose Julia Vernon.

“ If ever I heard my true love's voice,
 'Tis now through my bowers ringing ;
 His voice is sweet as the wild bird's note,
 When the buds bloom to its singing.

“ For well I know my true love's voice,
 It sounds so gay and clearly :
An angel's voice in a maiden's ear
Would ne'er drop down so dearly.”

She took her green robe in a hand
White as the opening lily,
And the morning sun and the lovely maid
Look'd down on Chatsworth valley.

Around the brow of the high green hill
The sun's fair beams were twining,
And bend and fall of the Derwent stream
In golden light were shining.

The silver smoke from Chatsworth tower
Like a pennon broad went streaming,
And gush'd against the morning sky,
And all the vale was gleaming.

She gave one look on the broad green land,
And back her tresses sheddin',
With her snowy neck, and her bonny blue
eyes,
Came down from the hill of Haddon.

She saw the wild dove start from its bower.
And heard the green boughs crashing ;
And saw the wild deer leap from its lair,
And heard the deep stream dashing.

And then she saw her own true love
 Bound past by bush and hollow ;
 And after him seven armed men
 With many a shout and hollo.

“ Oh ! had I but my bow, my love,
 And seven good arrows by me,
 I 'd make the fiercest of thy foes
 Bleed ere they could come nigh thee.

“ Oh ! had I but thy sword, my love
 Thy sword so brown and ready,
 I 'd meet thy foes on Chatsworth bank,
 Among the woodlands shady.”

On high she held her white, white hands,
 In wild and deep devotion,
 And locks and lips, and lith and limb,
 Where shivering with emotion.

“ Nay, stay the chase,” said a forester then,
 “ For when the lion's roaring
 The hound may hide :—May the raven catch
 The eagle in his soaring ?

“ Farewell, my bow, that could send a shaft,
As the levin leaves the thunder !
A lady looks down from Haddon height
Has snapt thy strength asunder.

“ A lady looks down from Haddon height,
O'er all men's hearts she 's lordin' ;
Who harms a hair of her true love's head
Makes a foe of Geordie Gordon.”

The bank was steep,—down the Outlaw
sprung,
The greenwood wide resounded ;
The wall was high,—like a hunted hart
O'er it he fleetly bounded.

And when he saw his love, he sunk
His dark glance in obeisance :
“ Comes my love forth to charm the morn,
And bless it with her presence ?

“ How sweet is Haddon hill to me,
Where silver streams are twining !
My love excels the morning star,
And shines while the sun is shining.

"She and the sun, and all that's sweet,
Smile when the grass is hoarest ;
And here at her white feet I lay
The proud buck of the forest.

"Now farewell Chatsworth's woodlands green,
Where fallow-deer are dernan ;
For dearer than the world to me
Is my love, Julia Vernon !"

THE FORLORN MAIDEN.

"TWAS when the seas were roaring,
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclined.
Wide o'er the foaming billows,
She cast a wistful look ;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

"Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days :
Why didst thou, venturous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas ?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest :
Ah ! what 's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast ?

"The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair ;
But what 's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear ?
Should you some coast be laid on
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You 'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

"How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain ;
Why then beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain ?
No eyes the rocks discover
That lurk beneath the deed,

To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep."

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear ;
Repay'd each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear ;
When o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spied ;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head and died.

LORD WILLIAM.

No eye beheld when William plunged
Young Edmund in the stream ;
No human ear but William's heard
Young Edmund's drowning scream.

Submissive all the vassals own'd
The murderer for their lord ;
And he, the rightful heir possess'd
The house of Erlingford.

The ancient house of Erlingford
 Stood midst a fair domain ;
And Severn's ample waters near
 Roll'd through the fertile plain.

And often the wayfaring man
 Would love to linger there,
Forgetful of his onward road,
 To gaze on scenes so fair.

But never could Lord William dare
 To gaze on Severn's stream :
In every wind that swept its waves
 He heard young Edmund scream.

In vain at midnight's silent hour
 Sleep closed the murderer's eyes ;
In every dream the murderer saw
 Young Edmund's form arise.

In vain, by restless conscience driven
 Lord William left his home,
Far from the scenes that saw his guilt,
 In pilgrimage to roam.

To other climes the pilgrim fled,
But could not fly despair ;
He sought his home again, but peace
Was still a stranger there.

Each hour was tedious long, yet swift
The months appear'd to roll ;
And now the day return'd that shook
With terror William's soul.

A day that William never felt
Return without dismay,
Full well had conscience kalender'd
Young Edmund's dying day.

A fearful day was that! the rains
Fell fast, with tempest roar,
And the swoln tide of Severn spread
Far on the level shore.

In vain Lord William sought the feast,
In vain he quaff'd the bowl,
And strove with noisy mirth to drown
The anguish of his soul.

The tempest at its sudden swell
In gusty howlings came,
With cold and death-like feelings seem'd
To thrill his shuddering frame.

Reluctant now, as night came on,
His lonely couch he press'd ;
And, wearied out, he sunk to sleep,
To sleep, but not to rest.

Beside that couch his brother's form,
Lord Edmund, seem'd to stand,
Such and so pale as when in death
He grasp'd his brother's hand :

Such and so pale his face as when,
With faint and faltering tongue,
To William's care, a dying charge,
He left his orphan son.

" I bade thee, with a father's love,
My orphan Edmund guard ;
Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge ;
Now take thy due reward."

He started up, each limb convulsed
With agonising fear ;
He only heard the storm of night—
’Twas music to his ear.

When lo ! the voice of loud alarm
His inmost soul appals,
“ What, ho ! Lord William, rise in haste !
The water saps thy walls.”

He rose in haste : beneath the walls
He saw the flood appear ;
It hemm’d him round, ’twas midnight now,
No human aid was near.

He heard the shout of joy, for now
A boat approach’d the wall,
And, eager to the welcome aid,
They crowd for safety all.

“ My boat is small,” the boatman cried,
“ This dangerous haste forbear !
Wait other aid ; this little bark
But one from hence can bear.”

Lord William leap'd into the boat,
“Haste—haste to yonder shore ;
And ample wealth shall well rewar
Ply swift and strong the oar.”

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Went light along the stream ;
Sudden Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning scream.

The boatman paused,—“methought I
A child's distressful cry !”
“'Twas but the howling wind of nigh
Lord William made reply.

“Haste, haste—ply swift and strong
Haste—haste across the stream !”
Again Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning scream.

“I heard a child's distressful screa
The boatman cried again,
“Nay, hasten on—the night is dark—
And we should search in vain.”

“ Oh God ! Lord William, dost thou know
How dreadful 'tis to die ?
And canst thou without pity hear
A child's expiring cry ?

“ How horrible it is to sink
Beneath the chilly stream,
To stretch the powerless arms in vain,
In vain for help to scream ?”

The shriek again was heard. It came
More deep, more piercing loud,
That instant o'er the flood the moon
Shone through a broken cloud.

And near them they beheld a child,
Upon a crag he stood,
A little crag, and all around
Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Approach'd his resting place,
The moon-beam shone upon the child,
And show'd how pale his face.

"Now reach thine hand!" the boatman cried,
"Lord William, reach and save!"
The child stretched forth his little hands,
To grasp the hand he gave.

Then William shriek'd; the hand he touch'd
Was cold, and damp, and dead!
He felt young Edmund in his arms,
A heavier weight than lead.

The boat sunk down; the murderer sunk
Beneath the avenging stream;
He rose, he scream'd;—no human ear
Heard William's drowning scream.

ROSABELLE.

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay;
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

“ Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
And, gentle lady, deign to stay !
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy Firth to day.

“ The blackening wave is edged with white ;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;
The fishers have heard the water-sprite,
Whose screams forbode that wreck is nigh.

“ Last night the gifted seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round lady gay ;
Then stay thee, fair, in Ravensheuch :
Why cross the gloomy Firth to-day ?”

“ ’Tis not because Lord Lindesay’s heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my lady-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

“ ’Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well ;
But that my sire the wine will chide
If ’tis not fill’d by Rosabelle.”

O'er Roslin hall that dreary night
 A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
 'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
 And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
 It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
 'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
 And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire, within, around,
 Deep sacristy, and altar pale ;
 Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
 And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and turret high,
 Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair ;
 So still they blaze when fate is nigh
 The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
 Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
 Each one the holy vault doth hold ;
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

142 THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

And each St. Clair was buried there,
 With candle, with book, and with knell ;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds
 sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle

THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

“ Blow, warder, blow thy sounding horn,
 And thy banner wave on high ;
For the Christians have fought in the Holy
 Land,
And have won the victory.”

Loud, loud the warder blew his horn,
 And his banner waved on high ;
Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
 And the feast eat merrily.

The warder look'd from his tower on high,
 As far as he could see :
“ I see a bold knight, and by his red cross,
 He comes from the east countree.

Then loud the warder blew his horn,
And call'd till he was hoarse :
" I see a bold knight, and on his shield bright
He beareth a flaming cross."

Then down the lord of the castle came,
The Red-Cross Knight to meet,
And when the Red-Cross Knight he espied,
Right loving he did him greet.

" Thou 'rt welcome here, dear Red-Cross
Knight,
For thy fame 's well known to me ;
And the mass shall be sung, and the bells
shall be rung,
And we 'll feast right merrily."

" Oh, I am come from the Holy Land,
Where saints did live and die ;
Behold the device I bear on my shield,
The Red-Cross Knight am I !

" And we have fought in the Holy Land,
And we 've won the victory ;

For with valiant might did the Christians
fight,
And made the proud Pagans fly."

"Thou'rt welcome here, dear Red-Cross
Knight,
Come, lay thy armour by ;
And for the good tidings thou dost bring,
We'll feast us merrily.

"For all in my castle shall rejoice
That we've won the victory ;
And the mass shall be sung and the bells
shall be rung,
And the feast eat merrily."

"Oh, I cannot stay," cried the Red-Cross
Knight,
"But must go to my own countree,
Where manors and castles will be my reward,
And all for my bravery."

"Oh say not so, thou Red-Cross Knight,
But if you'll bide with me,

With manors so wide and castles beside
I'll honour thy bravery."

"I cannot stay," cried the Red-Cross Knight,
"Nor can I bide with thee,
But I must haste to my king and his knights
Who are waiting to feast with me."

"Oh say not so, thou Red-Cross Knight,
But if you'll stay with me,
With feast and with dance—with tourney
and lance
We'll honour thy bravery."

"I cannot stay," cried the Red-Cross Knight,
"Nor can I feast with thee,
But I must haste to a pleasant bower
Where a lady's waiting for me."

"Oh say not so, dear Red-Cross Knight,
Nor heed that fond lady,
For she can't compare to my daughter fair,
And she shall wed with thee."

And now the lute's sweet silver sound
Re-echoed through the hall,
And in that lord's fair daughter came
With her ladies clad in pall.

The lady was deckt in costly robes,
And shone as bright as day,
And with courtesy sweet the Knight she did
greet,
And pressed him for to stay.

"Right welcome brave Sir Red-Cross Knight,
Right welcome unto me ;
And here long time I hope thou 'lt stay,
And bear us company."

"It grieves me much, thou lady fair,
That here I cannot stay,
For a beauteous lady is waiting for me,
Whom I 've not seen many a day."

And as the lady pressed the Knight
With her attendants all,
Oh, then bespake a pilgrim youth,
As he stood in the hall.

"Now, Heaven thee save, good Red-Cross
Knight,

I'm come from the north countree,
Where a lady is laid all in her sick bed
And evermore calls for thee."

"Alas! alas! thou pilgrim boy,
Sad news thou tellest me,
Now I must ride full hastily
To comfort that dear lady."

"Oh, heed him not," the lady cried,
"But send a page to see,
While the mass is sung and the bells are rung,
And we feast merrily."

Again bespake the pilgrim boy,

"Ye need not send to see,
For know, Sir Knight, that lady's dead,
And died for love of thee."

Oh, then the Red-Cross Knight was pale,
And not a word could say,
But his heart did swell, and his tears down fell,
And he almost swooned away.

"Now fie on thee, thou weakly Knight,
To weep for a lady dead ;
Were I a noble Knight like thee,
I would find another to wed.

"So come, cheer up, and comfort thy heart,
And be good company.
While the mass is sung and the bells are rung,
And we feast merrily."

In vain that courtly lady strove
The sorrowing Knight to cheer ;
Each word he answered with a groan,
Each soothing with a tear.

"And now farewell, thou noble lord,
And farewell, lady fair,
In pleasure and joy your hours employ,
Nor think of my despair."

"And where is her grave," cried the Red-
Cross Knight,

"The grave where she doth lay ?"

"Oh, I know well," cried the pilgrim boy,

"And I'll show thee the way."

"I'm glad I've found thee, pilgrim boy,
And thou shalt go with me,
And thou shalt guide to my lady's grave,
And great thy reward shall be."

Again he sighed and wept forlorn,
For his lady that was dead ;
"Lady, how sad thy wedding tide,
How cold thy bridal bed !"

Thus the Red-Cross Knight complained and
sighed,
While all around did cry ;
"Let the minstrels sing, and the bells yring,
And the feast eat merrily."

And now the gentle moon around
Her silver lustre shed,
Brightened each current, wall, and tower,
And distant mountain's head.

By whose sweet light the Knight his way
Hath ta'en tho' not with joy,
And with him goes on mounted steed,
The faithful pilgrim boy.

150 THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

Oh fast they sped, to reach the dead,
And few the words they spoke;
Save when the passing convent-bell
Fresh tears and sighs awoke.

Save when at midnight, o'er the wold,
The priests did bend their way,
With taper bright, and holy light,
For some sinful soul to pray.

Then louder wail'd the Knight; and rued
His fortune, to be torn
From a maid as fair, and true, and good
As ever yet was born.

Now slower sped that pilgrim boy,
And rein'd his prancing steed,
Some sudden pang had seized his heart,
So form'd for gentle deed.

"Why art thou pale, thou pilgrim boy?"
The Knight all wond'ring cried;
"Why dost thou pant, thou pilgrim boy,
When I am by thy side?"

The Knight he ran and clasped the youth,
And ope'd his pilgrim's vest,
And, lo ! it was his lady fair,
His lady dear he prest.

"Grieve not for me, my faithful Knight,"
'The lady faint did cry ;
"I'm well content, my faithful Knight,
Tho' in thy arms I die.

"As a pilgrim boy, I've followed thee,
In truth full cheerfully,
Resolved, if thou shouldst come to ill,
Dear Knight, to die with thee."

'Nay, Heaven forfend," the Knight replied,
"And rather grant thee grace
To live for him ;—now, oh ! how blest,
Who gazes on thy face !"

But, see ! a hostel by the road,
In time of need they spy ;
And there his true love he hath led
To gain fresh strength or die.

And many a cordial quick they brought
To cheer her, from their hoard ;
But, quicker than aught else, his smiles
That lady's heart restored.

On palfrey now and prancing steed
They sped right gaily on ;
Oh never on fairer knight and maid
The rising sunbeams shone !

And blest was he, that Red-Cross Knight
To find his sorrows o'er ;
And her, his long-lost love and wife,
Never to leave him more.

Castles and manors wide were given
To that Knight, so true and bold,
And the King and his Court, made merry,
merry, sport,
O'er their cups of pearl and gold.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

It was a friar of orders gray,
Walk'd forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now Heaven thee save, thou reverend friar!
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see."

"And how should I know your true love
From many an other one?"

"Oh, by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon.

"But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue."

"O lady, he is dead and gone!

Lady, he's dead and gone!

And at his head a green grass turf,

And at his heels a stone.

"Within these holy cloisters long

He languish'd, and he died,

Lamenting of a lady's love,

And 'plaining of her pride.

"Here bore him bare-faced on his bier

Six proper youths and tall;

And many a tear bedew'd his grave

Within yon kirk-yard wall."

"And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!

And art thou dead and gone!

And didst thou die for love of me!

Break, cruel heart of stone!"

"Oh weep not, lady, weep not so;

Some ghostly comfort seek;

Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,

Nor tears bedew thy cheek."

"Oh do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove ;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

"And now, alas ! for thy sad loss,
I'll e'ermore weep and sigh ;
For thee I only wish'd to live,
For thee I wish to die."

"Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain
For violets pluck'd, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.

"Our joys as winged dreams do fly ;
Why, then, should sorrow last ?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past."

"Oh say not so, thou holy friar ;
I pray thee, say not so ;
For since my true love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

“ And will he never come again ?

Will he ne’er come again ?

Ah ! no, he is dead, and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

“ His cheek was redder than the rose,

The comeliest youth was he :—

But he is dead, and laid in his grave,

Alas ! and woe is me !”

“ Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,

Men were deceivers ever :

One foot on sea, and one on land,

To one thing constant never.

“ Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,

And left thee sad and heavy :

For young men e’er were fickle found,

Since summer trees were leafy.”

“ Now say not so, thou holy friar,

I pray thee, say not so ;

My love he had the truest heart ;

Oh, he was ever true !

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth?
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell home! for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

But first upon my true love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay."

"Yet stay, fair lady, stay awhile
Beneath yon cloister wall:
See, through the hawthorn blows the cold
wind,
And drizzling rain doth fall."

"Oh stay me not, thou holy friar,
Oh stay me not, I pray;
No drizzling rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away."

"Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of gray,
Thy own true love appears.

" Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought :
And here, amidst these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought.

" But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet pass'd away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay."

" Now farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Once more unto my heart ;
For since I 've found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part."

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

" THY banks were bonny, Yarrow stream,
When first on them I met my lover :
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
Where now thy waves his body cover.
For evermore, O Yarrow stream,
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow,

For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

“ He promis’d me a milk-white steed
To bear me to his father’s bowers ;
He promis’d me a little page
To ’squire me to his father’s towers ;
He promis’d me a wedding-ring,—
The wedding-day was fix’d tomorrow ;
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas ! his watery grave is Yarrow.

“ Sweet were our words when last we met,
My passion I as freely told him,
Clasp’d in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him.
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost,
It vanish’d with a shriek of sorrow ;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And give a doleful groan through Yarrow.

“ His mother from the window look’d,
With all the longing of a mother :
His little sister, weeping, walk’d
The greenwood-path to find her brother.

They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

“No longer from the window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother;
No longer walk the lonely wood,
Alas! thou hast no more a brother.
No longer seek him east and west,
And search no more the forest thorough,
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

“The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow,
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.”
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow,
She found his body in the stream,
And now she sleeps with him in Yarrow.







